THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Poetry.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river TIME,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing:
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the LONG AGO,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that 'greenwood' of soul be in sight.

Select Story.

FEMALE FIDELITY.

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

'Twas on a Sabbath morning in the month of June, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; I was summon'd to visit a young lady, residing a few miles distant from the beautiful village of Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, in which place I then resided.

She was one whom I had known from infancy, and had long been intimately acquainted with her family. She was her father's only child, the idol of his aged heart, and the hope and solace of his latter days. Just entering her seventeenth year, with a mind highly cultivated, and a sensibility alive to every amiable impression, she became a fit object to love and be beloved. Her youth had been passed in quietness and seclusion in a celebrated Female Seminary at Burlington. Grief and sorrow were unknown to her, and she knew not of the troubles and trials of this weary world of woe. Because Mary was innocent.

The communication I received, strongly excited my apprehensions—that without immediate haste, my presence or services would be entirely unavailable. Accordingly, without delay, I was soon fast approaching the object of my visit. The light of another day had just began to dawn upon the world. The calm and quiet hour of morning twilight, when the dark shadows of night are fast mingling with the rays of approaching day. It was at that bewitching and enchanting period of time, when all creation seems to feel and acknowledge the supreme and overwhelming power of Omnipotence. All nature, smiling in reanimated beauty, paying homage and adoration to Him who is its great Divine Creator. Whether the high mountain peak that mingles with the clouds, clothed with eternal snows, or the low sequestered glen beneath, carpeted with the verdure of nature; whether the tall sturdy towering oak that decks the forest, or the tiny bird which warbles among its branches; all eloquently proclaim the wisdom and power of that hand, which has been the Author of them all.

A thousand reflections hurried through my mind as I traveled along the lonely road which led to the abode of Mary and her aged parents. Can it be possible, thought I, again and again—that she whom I had seen so recently, flushed with health and beauty—the charm of cheerfulness upon her lips, the joy and pride of her family, was now the victim of disease, and probably of death? Relentless, cruel Spoiler! how dost thou love to revel and riot among the charms of female loveliness, withering like an early blight the rose that blooms on beauty's cheek; dashing at one fell blow to the grave, all their hopes and expectations here, there to lie, and fade, and perish? How dost thou with thy sturdy foot love to trample over the fair fragile forms of those we once loved, but now can love no more for ever.

Indulging in this sad train of melancholy musings, I found I had approached the house without being conscious of the distance passed over. I was soon ushered into the chamber of the sick. There lay the wreck of one, who but a short time since was glowing with health and vigor, exulting in the buoyancy of youth, and the consciousness of existence.' Death's dark doings were depicted on her countenance. I advanced to the bed—she seized my hand with a convulsive grasp (which I can never forget) pressing it with a power as if all her expiring energies at that moment were concentrated in her fingers; she exclaimed, "Doctor, am I not dying? I have not sent for you professionally. I well know it is now too late to derive any benefit from your skill. I have sent for you as an acquaintance, as a friend, and especially so as the esteemed friend of *Frank Woodville*. You know him, Doctor?"

Intimately well, Mary. He is now, I remarked, absent on a visit to his friends in Massachusetts.

"Yes," she replied, "I know it, and immediately after his return we were to be united in marriage. He, is making the preparatory arrangements for that anticipated joyful event—and I, must make preparation for the sad solemnities of death and the grave, with all their dreary appendages!"

I endeavored to soothe her by stating she might not be so near her end as she apprehended. But if she believed life to be so nearly at its close, her mind and all her affections should be directed and fixed upon Him only, who is able and willing to support and sustain her in the hour of affliction and distress.

She bestowed on me an inexpressible look of calmness and composure—a faint smile playing round her mouth—remarking, "Doctor, this have I attended to long before sickness brought my head to this pillow. And I can now say with the Psalmist of old, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"Doctor, I have a few words to say to you, and I feel by increasing weakness that they must be said soon.

"Listen carefully and attentively."

With an earnestness of expression which I shall ever remember, she said, "You will see Frank Woodville again—I never shall! Tell him I love him dearly and sincerely. *He* has made that avowal times without number. *I* never have. This has not arisen from a want of affection—but from my youth and the natural diffidence and timidity of my sex. * * *

"Doctor, please remove this lock of hair."

I immediately separated the large black ringlet which she held in her hand, overshadowing her brow and contrasting beautifully with the marble whiteness of its surface.

"Give this to Frank Woodville, and tell him a 'gift from Mary! * * Tell him I *love him!* * * Oh! could I only sound those few short words in his hearing, I would leave the world contentedly, yea, triumphantly. Tell him the last words Mary ever uttered—the last accent that quivered upon the cold, pulseless lip of Mary, was the endeared name of Frank Woodville!'"

My feelings had now completely overcome me. I sat beside her with my face concealed with my handkerchief.

She seized my hand again, and with a death-like grasp, uttered in a feeble, indistinct tone, "tell Frank Wood——"

A momentary pause ensued, I looked around—one short, suppressed, spasmodic grasp terminated the struggles of the lovely Mary. All was over. The spirit had fled, and in its flight, had left impressed upon her face a beautiful serenity of countenance, a placidness of expression, as if the soul had begun to taste the joys of Heaven before it had left the clay tenement of earth.

* * * * * *

Should this painful narrative ever meet the eye of Frank Woodville, I fear it will open wounds afresh, which have long been closed, by the soft plastic hand of time, but which never can be cured.

In the course of a fortnight Frank returned, but not to his Mary. His soul was congealed in agony. The preparations for the nuptial knot were thrown aside for the sad "habiliments of woe." All was sorrow, sadness and distress. The hand that was to unite him to one, whom he regarded more than all the world beside, was motionless in the grave; that voice which he had so often listened to with ecstacy and delight, was now choked in dust. The glowing cheek on which he had so lately imprinted the parting kiss was now mouldering and mingling with its kindred dust. All the sad memorials left him in this general wreck of all—was the sacred lock of hair—a mound of earth—and a modest stone; which told him where his Mary lay.

Conversation.

Anybody can talk—who has the usual organs of speech—but to converse is a different thing, and to converse well a very high and rare accomplishment. Conversation, as one may see by the etymology of the word, supposes at least two parties to the discourse, and requires a listener as well as a talker. Johnson and Parr have argued; Coleridge preached; Madame de Stael disputed; Curran sparkled with wit and fancy; Burke conversed like a gentleman, and was at once brilliant and profound—a good talker—a good listener, altogether a model conversationist. Shakspeare says—"Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, learned without pedantry, novel without falsehood." Rochefoucault says, "the reason why so few persons are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he has to say, than in answering what is said to him." Burns must have been a charming conversationist. The dutchess of Gordon said of his conversation, that "it fairly lifted her off of her seat"—a powerful kind of discourse, we should say, and scarcely proper to a dutchess.—*Boston Post.*

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend.

Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm; and remember, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

A Goose Hunt in Michigan.

"Oh, look a-here—Oh, look a-whar?
Look way ober yonder!
Don't you see the ole gray goose
A smilin' at de gander."

Negro Melody.

On a very cold winter's night—I believe it was in December of 1834, one of my neighbor's sons, Sim (or Simeon) Newton, stalked unceremoniously upon my meditations, as I was seated by a comfortable backwoods fire, in my new frame dwelling on the border of Portage Lake. I was alone, and the company of Sim, an unsophisticated *Vermonter*, was always welcome, and being a sort of half hunter, half trapper, with a sprinkling of the agriculturist kind of a chap, I not unfrequently was amused at his drollery, his peculiar sayings and his originality.

After having smoked his pipe, and made red a physiognomy that was rather blue when he entered, he made one of his singular propositions.

"Well, what do you think of taking a goose hunt to-night?"

"A what?" cried I. "A goose hunt—and on such a night as this. What do you mean, Sim?"

"I mean a *wild* goose hunt on the lake, just up, you know, at the outlet of Little into Large Portage—it is always open during the winter—and this afternoon about sun-set, I saw a million of wild geese, to say the least of them, settling down, and they are now roosting on the edge of the ice and water."

I mustered as much astonishment and surprise at this important intelligence, as I was master of, and in Sim's own peculiar style of expression, I exclaimed, "Do tell—I want to know!"

"Yes—Just step to the door, and you can hear them screaming and gobling like mad, and I shouldn't be able to sleep to-night without having a crack at 'em, and a bag to put the feathers in!"

Sure enough,—I followed him to the front door, and such a clatter I never heard before. I should not have doubted him if he had proclaimed a couple of thousand—but *a million!* I resolved at all events to humor his humor.

The Lake alluded to, (Portage Lake,) contains an area of about 2,000 acres, and is one of the largest inland lakes in the peninsula State, is about 50 miles west of Detroit, and where the Portage river finds its way through little Portage into big Portage Lake, it is generally open during the whole of the winter, and affords a regaling place for aquatic fowl, as well as a suitable resting place for the night, as the peculiarity of the spot also afforded a sort of security to them by man or beast.

"How shall we hunt them, Sim? Shoot them?"

"Bless your heart, no! All we'll have to do is to dress ourselves up in white sheets, and beneath its folds we can each carry a dark lanthern and a good club.—We'll then, as soon as the moon goes down, steal up to where they are, and, when within a step or so of the head feller, we'll open our lantherns to them, which will blind their eyes you know, and then fall to, cut and slash, right and left, till we slay every mother's goose of 'em, and gander too. They'll not think of flying when they meet with *such a sudden surprise.*"

"But, Sim, only think—*a million geese!* My dear fellow, it would be a week's job. More than Sampson among the Philistines. I fear before we get through with it, the sun would rise and discover us, whereupon a part of a million would fly away."

"Never fear—just let's get ready by the time the moon is down, though we've got plenty of time before then."

"But surely, Sim, we can't get them all by your plan. That'll not do—we must contrive a better. If we are to get a *million of geese*, we must form some other scheme—none of your retailing when you go on a wild goose chase. I tell you what it is, Sim, what a speculation we'll have in feathers, hey?"

And Sim rubbed his hands and looked important at the bare idea. "We won't have anything else!" said Sim. "We'll go shares—half for you and half for me!"

"Oh, yes! What are feathers worth a pound?—I mean *live goose feathers!*—for these will be as good, you know; for the geese 'll die so quick when we get among them, that purchasers will not know but the feathers are *live!*"

"Let's see—daddy got, I believe, 50 cents a pound down at Dexter village and Ann Arbor, for his'n, last summer."

"How many pounds did he get off his flock, Sim?"

"Well, I guess he got about ten or twelve pounds."

"That'll do very well; that must be about a quarter pound to the goose. Don't you believe wild geese will yield half a pound each, for you know we take ALL the feathers, leaving none for cultivation?"

"Oh, yes, a good big gander 'll give you a pound at least. But I tell you, they are smashers, some of them chaps I saw coming down this afternoon." And Sim began counting over his fingers.

"Pshaw, my boy, you needn't count by *fingers* but by *figures*—just reach me that slate yonder. So, let me see—half a pound to each goose—multiply 1,000,000 by 8 ounces, or half a pound, makes half a million pounds. *Half a million pounds of feathers*, Sim! only think of it!"

Sim straightened up and looked big!

"Now, Sim, half a million pounds, at fifty cents a pound, comes to the enormous sum of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Sim reeled—stared—looked in the fire with a vacant gaze, as if he was laboring to realize the vastness of the amount. At last he recovered a sort of self-possession and exclaimed—

"What a thundering farm my half will buy—and wouldn't I stock it? I'd have the biggest cattle to drive—no, hang it, I'd have a span of the best greys—no, blacks! I think, after all, bays will be better, for they're hardier. And won't I have the best ironed wagon, too, in this little territory."

"But say, Sim, who'll buy the feathers? We'll have to send them to a market. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll employ Gov Mason to negotiate a sale for us when he goes to New York in the spring. For I do not believe there's money enough in the territory (Michigan was then a territory) to buy up so many feathers, and he'll require a pretty thumping commission, &c.

"Oh," says Sim, "let him take his pay in feathers—we'll not miss 'em you know. The extra feathers of the ganders will pay that, so we shan't be the loosers."

Thus was the evening, until the going down of the moon, spent, in speculating and getting ready for the tremendous adventure. The amount of bagging required to put the feathers in—a suitable place to deposit them—the number of teams required to get them to Detroit—the freighting of them down the Erie Lake—the number of canal boats to be employed, and last, not least, who all should be employed to pick the geese—this was a regular staggerer to Sim, until at length he concluded it was best to have them picked on shares.

If gun cotton had only been in use then, we might have anticipated such an arrival of geese, and prepared the edge of the ice for a glorious blow up among the feathered tribe, but then, where would the feathers have gone to? We should have nought but the signed bodies.

It was one o'clock before the moon went to bed that night, and then behold us both sallying out, looking like a pair of Miller's resurrectionists. We had each a paper lanthern with a half candle in, and each a stout club made fast to the wrist by a strong cord. Thus armed and equipped beneath our snow white sheets, we traversed the lake shore, until we reached a point where it became necessary to strike off from the shore, in order to reach the farthest extremity of the opening in the ice where the geese were congregated "a smilin' at de ganders." A slight snow had fallen during the day, as if on purpose to aid our great and fortune making design. All was quiet as an infant's slumber, save the occasional scream of one of the *feathered* watch, for it must be understood that a flock of wild geese always keep sentinels on their outposts, to warn the rest of any approach of danger; so, at least, historians inform us, and so it was being verified on this occasion. I whispered to Sim, that we were observed. "Not a bit of it—keep dark—don't breathe—let's go softly—we will have work directly—keep close to me; I know the way!" whispered Sim, highly elated with the prospect of gain. In our endeavor to avoid any suspicion by the geese, we kept on, making the distance between ourselves and the shore wider at every step, and also to enable us to approach *the million* leeward. We had ventured thus but about 30 rods from the shore, when Sim's weight, (rising 200 pounds) caused the ice to crack beneath his tread, and I, valorously or discreetly, resolved to use the precaution to keep as far from him in the rear as possible, yet not to lose sight of the hero of the adventure.

On we went, in single file, but being unaccustomed to walking on the ice. I felt a degree of awkwardness or timidity far from comfortable. But the prospect in perspective—roast goose every day for a month or two for myself, Sim, and our friends, and the biggest bag of feathers in the world, inspired me with courage enough to brave even the liquid element within a *quarter of an inch* of the soles of my feet. True it is, a thought of the thickness of the ice on that memorable night, till I imagined it no thicker than a wafer. Every step increased my dread of a wet jacket, and I could feel the hot tallow, running down upon my fingers beneath the sheet folds. Still Sim kept travelling on at such a pace, that in order to keep a certain distance between us, I had to use my locomotion to decidedly the best advantage, until—

"D——n it all!" cried Sim, and looking up towards him, I beheld the poor fellow's 'sheet enveloped in flames, and he stamping the ice with a vengeance, determined, with as little delay as possible, to smother the conflagration, and I question whether the poor fellow would not have been burnt alive had not his stamping opened the ice beneath him, and let him into the vacuum, filled, as it soon was, by the cooling element.

If Sim was laboring under the fever of excitement, produced by the prospect in view, of a thundering farm, the biggest cattle, a span of the best bays, and the best ironed wagon, I'm sure at this critical moment, there was not a vestage of the disease remaining. Yes, he was perfectly convalescent after I had succeeded, deliberately laying aside my own robe and putting out the brief bit of candle, in reaching to him with my club and by my firm footing to bring him to a safer standing place, than dancing in water. I had considerable exertion to do all this, for be it known, in my endeavors to get him on top of the water, the ice kept breaking for at least a couple or three rods before he was my equal in safety.

Sim gave a look in the direction of where the geese roosted; such a look! but it was too dark to discern it. His first exclamation of despair was *"Good God how cold it is—let's go back!"*

As for *ourself* (I felt at the moment like a dozen of men wrapped up in one little body) *we* roared outright, and endeavored all in *our* power to console the disappointed Sim. "Never mind, my dear fellow, you are better off than I, for you've got a *duck*, and I, not even a feather of one of your *million geese!*"

Thus ended our adventure. For Sim Newton, cold comfort and a mile or a mile and a half with the thermometer at 15 degrees. For me, a burnt sheet, and a life, ever since, in pursuit of *feathers*; yea, I may say, *ever since* I had been on a *Wild Goose Chase.*

JOB CLAVERS.

A Yankee among the Aristocrats.

Not many years ago it happened that a young man from New York visited London, his father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced to the fashionable circles of the metropolis; where in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered as a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat of Cambridgeshire, and the young American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know that they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed, to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed, had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities and his constant attentions in drawing rooms and saloons, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing at various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing. After some few charades had been disposed of, one gentleman begged leave to propose the game called "crowning the wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is the readiest and the happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American much against his inclination was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position in society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of Republicans, or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension, put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentlemen; will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American smiling calmly, "I would recommend the falls of Niagara; a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short it turns men from their idols, and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals.—A true Christian is always polite." There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachoed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the purest, the best government which the skill of man ever devised and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, will argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and English ladies, which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced round the circle. I was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered.

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, the power of exciting admiration and begetting love in our sex, and consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently that there is not a nation on earth where women is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the Republic of the United States; therefore the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic, and after the mirth had subsided, so as to allow the judge to be heard, he directed the crown to be given to the Yankee.

Cheap Pleasure.

Did you ever study the cheapness of pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a man happy? Such trifles as a penny or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, and how smiling they look—they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of a half a dozen children—send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—a word to him and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood—assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say "you scoundrel," and he feels miserable—remark "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us—in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy—the discontented, cheerful—the afflicted resigned—at exceedingly cheap rates. Who will refuse to do it.

A LESSON FOR THE GIRLS.—My pretty little dears—You are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing-lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trowsers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing-room. —*Mrs. Ellis' Lectures.*

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat! to be clean! How easy it is to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpeting, the rosewood, the mahogony, the candelabras, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit pressing over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it shed serenity over the scene of abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by these imitations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire, but to its inhabitants it will be a place far out-vying the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

Better that we should err in action than wholly refuse to perform. The storm is much better than the calm, as it declares the presence of a living principle. Stagnation is something worse than death. It is corruption also.

One reason why we see so few agreeable in conversation is, that almost everybody is more intent upon what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent replies to what the rest of the company say to him.

God grant that we may contend with other churches as the vine with the olive which of us shall bear the best fruit; and not as the briar with the thistle—which of us shall be the most unprofitable.

The integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principle source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.

The more a man goes to law, the less real justice he is apt to get. Justice is about as scarce in a court-house, as toddy is in a temperance meeting, or roses in snow banks.

Little by little as we travel through life do our whims increase and become more troublesome—just like a woman's luggage on a journey.

Love—a rose colored sleep, in which you dream with your eyes open.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to do so with his throat.

Men who are the "fastest" to promise are the slowest to perform.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

When misfortune comes, pause not to weep, but hasten to change.

System and Order.

The life of Dr. Noah Webster affords a striking illustration of the value of system. When a young man he conceived the idea of producing a new dictionary of the English language. Having determined to make this the great business of his life, he set about preparing himself for it, by an extensive course of study. Year after year he labored on in patient obscurity, exploring the fields of literature and science, and gathering and arranging the materials for his great work. Everything he read or studied or accomplished, had a bearing on the great object of his life, and this was the grand secret of his success. "Method," says his biographer, was the presiding principle of his life."

The love of order and system often manifests itself at an early age, and is a praiseworthy and enviable habit even at that period of life. The boy who studies and works by method, will accomplish much more, by the same means, than another boy of similar capacity, who acts on the "helter-skelter" principle. He knows what he has to do, and he does it. He does not begin twenty different things and leave them all unfinished. "One thing at a time, and a time for everything," is his motto. If he has a lesson to learn, he does not neglect it until the hour of recitation has almost arrived. He has a season for play and another for work, and does not allow the one to interfere with the other. You think he has a strange knack of doing things easily and wonder if he has not got a stronger mind and body than other boys. But his secret is, order and system. These habits are his "labor-saving machinery," which enable him to accomplish more work than his fellows, in better manner and in less time.

A very rich man, who had been quite poor when a boy was asked how he acquired his wealth. He replied that his father made him form the habit early in life, of doing everything in its time, and it was to this habit that he owed his success.—*Well-Spring.*

THE WAY THEY GET DRUNK IN CONNECTICUT.—A letter speaking of the prohibitory law in Connecticut, says:

"A novel mode of supplying the wants of those whose thirst after fire-water is born in successful operation in Hartford. A person (if a stranger) is conducted by one of the knowing ones into a building in Main-by-street, and after going up stairs and down stairs, through hall-ways and various winding-ways, finally arriving in a room, on one side of which is a small round hole in the wall, in which is a small dumb waiter; over it is inscribed "the wheel of fortune." A person wishing to try his fortune writes upon a small card, and puts a piece of money, puts it in the dumb waiter, and shortly returns with a glass of Gotard, punch, or anything you may have desired. Inquire who keeps this place and the answer comes through the little hole, in a hoarse voice—a Know-Nothing.

Why don't He do it?

When a farmer *knows*, that a gate is better, and, as a time-and-labor-saving structure, cheaper, than a set of bars and posts, and without calling on a carpenter, he can himself make one, *Why don't he do it?*

When he has no other fastenings to his gates and barn doors than a stone rolled against them and in a single evening after supper is able to make a better one, *Why don't he do it?*

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and the heaps of rubbish lying in piles about the premises and need only nailing on again, *Why don't he do it?*

Or if he is afraid of the expense of nails and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin to "save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves;" and he knows that the same Dr. Franklin also said that "many men are penny wise and pound foolish," and he is not careful to think of the precept contained in the latter, *Why don't he do it?*

If it is a saving of nearly half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yards, instead of running at large through most of the winter, *Why don't he do it?*

If he knows that many of his fields would be great improved by ditching, and by the removal of large stumps and stones, *Why don't he do it?*

And when he knows his pastures would yield nearly double the feed, and of a better quality, if the bushes were all cut and subdued, *Why don't he do it?*

And if he can add fifty per cent to the produce of his clover-fields, and even his pasture, by the use of gypsum, *Why don't he do it?*

If a farmer of fifty acres has (as he should have) use for a good corn-sheller and one of the many improved fanning mills, and he has not ready obtained both, *Why don't he do it?*

And if it is cheaper, actually cheaper, to burn dry wood than green, and to use a stove instead of an open fireplace, *Why don't he do it?*

THRESHING SEED WHEAT WITH MACHINE.—Having seen some statement that seed wheat was damaged by being threshed with machines, I took a little notice of mine last fall. My wheat was plump and good, and I threshed by a machine. After it was sown, I noticed a moist spot where the wheat was not covered but had sprouted. I commenced counting, and counted ninety-six kernels all sound, and found but one that had the chit broken. I came to the conclusion that my wheat was not injured by the machine more than it would to have been flailed. So says T. W. Dunham, in the Michigan *Farmer.*

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

These two lines which look so solemn,
Were just put here to fill this column.